

The DUKE of GORDON's

GARLAND,

Composed of two excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Duke of Gordon's Daughter.
- II. A New Song called Newcastle Ale.



Licensed and entered according to Order

The *DUKE* of *GORDON*'s Garland.

The Duke  *GORDON*'s Daughter.

THE Duke of *Gordon* has three daughters,
Elizabeth, *Margaret*, and *Jean*;
 they would not stay in bonny *Castle-gordon*,
 but they would go to bonny *Aberdeen*.

They had not been in bonny *Aberdeen*,
 a twelvemonth and a day;
 till lady *Jean* fell in love with Capt. *Ogilvie*,
 and away with him she would gae.

Word came to the Duke of *Gordon*,
 in the chamber where he lay,
 lady *Jean* has fell in love with Capt. *Ogilvie*,
 and away with him she would gae.

Go saddle me the black horse,
 and you'll ride on the grey;
 and I will ride to bonny *Aberdeen*,
 where I have been many a day.

They were not a mile from bonny *Aberdeen*,
 a mile but only three,

Till

till he met with his two daughters walking
but away was lady Jean.

Where is your sifter, maidens,
where is your sifter now?
where is your sifter, maidens,
that she is not walking with you?

O pardon us, honoured father,
O pardon us they did say,
lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
and away with him she would gae.

When he came to bonny Aberdeen,
and down upon the green,
there did he see Captain Ogilvie,
training up his men.

O woe to you Captain Ogilvie,
and an ill death thou shalt die,
for taking to thee my daughter,
hanged thou shalt be.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
and sent it to the king,
to hang Captain Ogilvie,
if ever he hang'd a man.

I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,
for no lord that I see,
but I'll cause him to put of the laced coat,
and put on the fingle livery.

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,
 in the chamber where he lay,
 to cast off the gold lace and scarlet,
 and put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
 this penance I'll take wi',
 if this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
 all this I will not dree.

Lady Jean had not been married,
 not a year but three,
 till she had a babe in every arm,
 another upon her knee.

O but I am weary of wandering,
 O but my fortune is bad,
 sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter,
 to follow a soldier lad.

O but I am weary of wandering,
 O but I think it lang,
 it sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter,
 to follow a single man.

When they came to the highland hills,
 cold was the frost and snow,
 lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
 no farther could she go.

Woe to the hills and mountains,
 woe to the wind and rain,

My feet are sore with going barefoot,
No farther am I able to gang.

Woe to the hills and mountains,
Woe to the frost and snow,
My feet are sore with going barefoot,
No farther I am able to go.

O if I were at the glens of Foudlen,
Where hunting I have been,
I would find the way to bonny Castle-gordon,
Without either stockings or shoon.

When she came to bonny Castle-gordon,
And down upon the green,
The porter give out a loud shout,
O yonder comes Lady Jean.

O you're welcome bonny Jeanny Gordon,
You are a dear welcome to me,
You are welcome dear Jenny Gordon,
But away with your Capt. Ogilvie.

Now over the seas went the Captain,
As a foldier under command,
A meffage soon followed after,
To come and heir his brother's land.

Come home you pretty Capt. Ogilvie,
And heir your brother's land,
Come home you pretty Capt. Ogilvie,
And be Earl of Northumberland.

O!

O! what does this mean, says the Captain,
 Where's my brother's children three,
 They are dead and buried,
 And the lands they are ready for thee.

Then hoist up your sails brave Captain,
 Let's be jovial and free,
 I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,
 Then my dear Jenny I'll see.

He soon came to Castle-gordon,
 And down upon the green,
 The porter gave out a loud shout,
 Here comes Captain Ogilvie.

You're welcome pretty Captain Ogilvie.
 Your fortune's advanced I hear,
 No stranger can come unto my gates,
 That I do love so dear.

Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
 You would not let me in,
 I'm come for my wife and children,
 No friendship else I claim.

Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 And drink of the beer and wine,
 And thou shalt have gold and silver,
 To count till the clock strikes nine.

I'll have none of your gold and silver,
 Nor none of your white money,

But

but I'll have bonny Jeany Gordon,
and she shall go now with me.

Then she came tripping down the stair,
with tears in her eye'
one babe was at her foot,
another upon her knee.

You're welcome bonny Jeany Gordon,
with my young family,
mount and go to Northumberland,
there a countess thou shalt be.

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*Newcastle A L E, Tune Lillaboldro*

**F**AIR Venus, the Goddess of beauty and love,  
Arose from the froth that swam on the sea;  
Minerva leap'd out of the cranium of Jove,  
A coy fullen slut as most authors agree;  
Bold Bacchus, they tell us, the prince of good fellows,  
Was his natural son, but attend to my tale!  
For they that thus chatter, mistake quite the matter,  
He sprung from a barrel of Newcastle Ale,  
Newcastle Ale, boys, Newcastle Ale,  
No liquor on earth is like Newcastle Ale.

Then having survey'd well the cask whence he sprung,  
And finding it empty, disconsolate grew;  
He mounted astride, set his A——e on a bung.  
And away to the Gods and the Goddesses flew:  
But when he look'd down and saw the fair town,  
To pay him due honours not likely to fail;  
He swore, on all earth, that the place of his birth,  
Was the best and no liquor like Newcastle Ale,  
Newcastle Ale, Boys, &c.

Ye Doctors, who more execution have done,  
 With bolus and potion, and powder and pill,  
 Then hangsmen with halter, and soldier with gun,  
 Or miser with famine, or lawyer with quill,  
 To dispatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor,  
 Till our bodies grow thin and our faces look pale,  
 Observe them who please, what cures all diseases,  
 Is a comforting dose of good Newcastle Ale.  
 Newcastle Ale, Boys, &c.

Ye bishops and deacons, priests, curates and vicars,  
 Come taste and you'll certainly find it is true,  
 That Newcastle Ale is the best of all liquors,  
 And who understands the good creature like you,  
 It dispels every vapor, saves pen, ink, and paper,  
 For when your d'sposed from the pulpit to rail,  
 It will open your throats you may preach without notes,  
 When inspired with full bumpers of Newcastle Ale.  
 Newcastle Ale, boys &c.

Let each lover that talks of flames, darts and daggers,  
 With Newcastle Ale ply his mistress but hard;  
 The lass that once tastes it will drink till she staggers,  
 And all his past service and sufferings reward,  
 He may turn her, and twist her, and do what he lists, Sir,  
 Engage her but briskly he soon must prevail  
 Fill fill the glass often, for nothing can soften,  
 The heart of a woman like Newcastle Ale.  
 Newcastle Ale Boys, Newcastle Ale.  
 No liquor on earth is like Newcastle Ale.

10 JUL 52  
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